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POEMS OF WAR AND PEACE  
*By* ROBERT UNDERWOOD JOHNSON

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## **POEMS OF WAR AND PEACE**

**The Author's  
Previous Poems**



**SAINT-GAUDENS: AN ODE, AND  
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# POEMS OF WAR AND PEACE

*INCLUDING THE PANAMA ODE, THE  
CORRIDORS OF CONGRESS, AND THE  
COST, RHEIMS, THE HAUNTING FACE,  
SHAKESPEARE, EMBATTLED FRANCE,  
AND OTHER POEMS OF THE GREAT WAR*

BY

ROBERT UNDERWOOD JOHNSON

AUTHOR OF "SAINT-GAUDENS: AN ODE  
AND OTHER VERSE"



INDIANAPOLIS AND NEW YORK  
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1916



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TO MY  
ALMA MATER

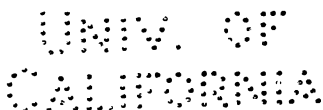
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TO THE IDEAL  
IN PATRIOTISM, ART, AND  
THE AFFECTIONS**





## GOETHALS OF PANAMA

### I

SERVANT of Man, well done!

Thy war of peace is won.

The dream of continents five and centuries four

Is dream no more.

Once, on a waiting "peak in Darien,"

Obscure till then,

But made immortal by a single line

Of verse divine,

Bold Balboa, following the lure

Of fell Adventure's backward-glancing eyes,

Found the new wonder that he sought.

What did he not endure

That still another watery realm

He thus might add as kingdom to the Spanish helm!

Oh, joy supreme of half-divined surprise!—

When, foremost climber, to his heart he caught

The virgin sight of that uplifted sea,

As new, as free,

As though it had but just begun to be.

Then, as he knelt, a second dream there came:

The "wild surmise"

His silent followers felt, but could not frame.

For who could see so near those oceans flow

But wish them mated—nay, but see them so?

### I

Did he not dream that, far beneath, some day,  
The hungry waters would devour a way  
    To slip his caravels and shallops through  
    From Cadiz to the riches of Peru?  
How could he guess that it would be mankind,  
    Not Nature, that would find  
In that Herculean toil a labor to its mind;  
    And do with zest, ere infant grew to man,  
    What only geologic ages can;  
That what in him was vague, prophetic fancy  
    Thy modern necromancy—  
Thy will, thy wisdom, and the art  
Of thy unconquerable heart,  
    With Love and Duty pure,—  
Would make forever real and secure;  
That Bounteous Fortune on that distant height,  
    Where Occident with Orient meets,  
Her faith anew to all the world would plight,  
Beckoning with either hand to myriad-masted fleets?  
There let her statue crown a crowning tower  
Like to the topmost flower  
    Upon a tropic tree,  
    For every ship of every land to see.  
There some shall speak of Balboa, some of Keats  
    (For one must find and one must celebrate);  
Others shall ponder long the fame and feats  
Of him who forced the bars of that reluctant gate—  
Contending whether he was great;  
    But all in perpetuity  
Shall bless the names of Gorgas and of thee!  
    Servant of Man, well done!

## II

SINCE that first dream how long, how weary-long  
Crept the slow, lonely centuries, with no heed  
Of the premonitory need  
Of that forgotten and neglected land—  
Years like to years as waves upon that sleepy strand.  
Now, through thy sympathetic strife,  
The dozing Tropic is no more ;  
The world is at its door.  
At last it is adjoined to Life,  
To Freedom, and the brood  
Of Human Brotherhood.  
This is the meed  
Of richer triumph in thy deed,—  
The nation's pride that soon shall be a pride without  
alloy:  
That far beyond the Zone—  
Ours only for the world to own,  
Since that belongs to all that all alike enjoy—  
By bond assured, not word of mouth,  
We shall draw closer to the chivalrous South,  
Reaching our hands in friendship, not in greed.  
This is the leaping gladness in our song:  
That, for the human throng  
Who still, in every land, are slaves to ancient wrong,  
Half realized, half understood,  
Each sun may rise to greet a greater good.  
There is a destiny in every need of man,  
Though long, oh, weary-long



It wait in patience for the strong.  
Who grasp it not may honor him who can:  
Servant of Man, well done!

## III

SOLDIER of Peace, all hail!  
No longer by the Desperate Cape  
Need the fagged mariner, within the maw  
Of noonday darkness and the windy shape  
Of winter gale,  
Reef with his frozen hands the solid sail,  
Praying, or cursing, as he thinks on pleached  
Panama.  
More hopefully shall Commerce now let slip  
Her homing pigeons, knowing every ship  
Hath chance of fairer sky  
Whether its course shall lie  
From Oregon's dark forests to the cheer  
Of proud Manhattan, bright and clear;  
From London's sooty docks to many an isle of fear  
That long has scarred the Western sea, but now  
shall quicklier rise  
Through Love and Law an earthly Paradise.  
No longer shall the bark illimitably roam  
That follows half the globe from Java or Japan;  
And they for lagging craft who gaze,  
As only lovers can,  
Shall count with blessing all the dwindling days  
That bring the wandering heart the sooner home.

Now shall be saved not one mere month, but June!  
 Not three, but Love's long winter of delight!  
 Beauty of mountain, meadow slope and dune,  
 As grateful to the welcome traveler's sight  
 As the recaptured glory of a tune.

Now for a while shall he remain content,  
 As Life were meant  
 For fireside voyage or the Muses' flight—  
 High with Beethoven, or with Shakespeare far;  
 As if the lore of Fez or Zanzibar  
 Were that some curly-head  
 A little longer may delay the hour of bed,  
 Devouring tales in wonder, to be dreamed in  
 dread.

IV

SINCE the world's turbulent prime  
 One war has never ceased—the war with Time:  
 Our one right war of conquest, yielding spoil  
 Of years, of hours, of minutes. Why this toil  
 To be companion to the cloud,  
 To whisper with the Antipodes,  
 And, where no blade had ever plowed,  
 To carve a path for argosies?  
 Why should we win, at equal cost  
 Of take and give,  
 Of gained and lost,  
 Leisure for leisure, but more worthily to live?

Why agonize and struggle for repose,  
Remote, uncertain, and unseen,—  
If we impose  
On every bud the fury to be rose;  
Spy on the seed to witness if it grows;  
Despoil the silver dawn of its serene;  
Startle the quiet dusk; like Phaëton  
Lashing the hours that draw the lagging sun?  
Were it worth while the precious years to save  
That we may madly gallop to the grave?  
Oh, time, time, time!—boon that we daily crave  
And waste in craving, losing as we save.  
Misers of all beside, our spendthrift strife  
Flings to each passing wind time that alone is life.

Now have we need of days for nobler use  
Than savage barter, or patrician food,  
Or ease that only childish joys amuse,  
Or lawless pleasure mixed with manners rude.  
For while we ponder progress, half the world  
Has turned volcano, and aside has hurled  
All that long ages built upon its heights.  
Not time but life is squandered; and the half  
Of all the wheat is winnowed with the chaff.  
From trusted harbors the familiar lights  
By which we steered to safety have gone out  
And left our laden hopes in drifting doubt.  
Death, that was once God's servant, now is  
Man's  
And at his bidding speeds his monstrous  
plans.

O marvel never sung to any lyre !  
O certainty incredible and dire !  
That one with anger thus could set his age on fire !  
Of those who with cathedral-patience sought  
Our liberty to buttress and uplift,  
Who could have thought  
The downward plunge to chaos was so swift?

Is life a false gem in our treasure store  
Once richly prized, now richly prized no more,  
And souls but sands beneath the waves of war?  
Come, country of my heart, lest thy pure  
pledge  
Of hope to the unborn be sodden sacrilege,  
Cry, though the cannon echoes, "Peace,  
peace, peace!"  
Summon thy hosts that kill not but increase:  
Firm Justice, calm of Wisdom, fear of  
Wrong;  
Courage of Science, constancy of Law;  
The poise of Knowledge and the glow of  
Song;  
Religion's solace, Doubt's still reverent awe;  
Beauty, the smile of God, Music, His voice.  
Oh, may these hold us sane and true,  
Lift us from tears and teach us to rejoice,  
Throw wide our prison doors  
Self-built of jealousy and fear;  
That ruined empires may through us renew  
The long, slow march toward that millennial  
year

When men shall be of universal love the  
willing servitors.

## V

O SOLDIER of our Peace,  
If in this conflict thy great work shall be  
Not thoroughfare of Honor and Amity,  
But route of Conquest, avenue of Hate,  
Way of Cupidity and road to Wrong,  
Better those hills had never heard the din  
Of steam and rivet, and the strong  
And jubilant song  
Of thy triumphant army, with one purpose kin.  
Before it be too late  
Adjourn the exultation of the State:  
Let it await  
An Age of Reason's more propitious date.  
Borrow a lustrum to undo the toil,  
Unhinge each mighty gate  
And let it rust supine on desecrated soil.  
Turn the robbed waters backward to the sea,  
If in their magic mirror there shall be  
No worthier vision of futurity.  
The path to wonders, the alluring track,  
Unto the jungle mournfully give back,  
And let the lazy Isthmus creep  
Again in misty silence to its sleep,  
Until some sullen earthquake, like a god  
Offended, where man's impious foot has trod,

Unwilling to be warder of his bones,  
Indignantly regurgitates the cyclopæan stones.

## VI

## SOLDIER of Peaceful War!

Forgive us if our doubt shall mar  
Thy victory, that has neither blot nor scar :  
'T is for the moment, when the Muse's gaze  
Wanders from thee. Our country is so dear  
Her lovers may indulge a lover's fear.  
Forgive us, too, a final word of praise :  
That in these troublous days  
Thy hand has written for the world to learn  
A symphony of Labor, where we may discern  
Life as a grander music than before.  
Up to the heights that hide the sun  
We hear the chorded tumult soar,  
The cheer of morning ardor well begun—  
A hundred instruments that blend as one :  
The dominant whistle and the whirring wheel ;  
The ringing peal  
Of falling steel on steel ;  
The rhythmic hammer and the trilling chain,  
With intervals as palpable as pain ;  
The pulsing engine, the insistent drill,  
Treble of steam and bass of roaring train,  
With Echo making fugue from hill to hill.  
O loyal orchestra by great composer led !  
Thy touch on every string and key

Has wrought this noble minstrelsy,  
Giving a soul to brass and wood inert or dead,  
Till all confusions were in beauty wed,  
And in the players and the theme  
One harmony arose supreme—  
Ungrudging service sounding like a psalm.  
For this the palm!  
Soldier of Peace, well done!

## VII

BROTHER of Man, all hail!  
Through such as thee and those that with thee  
wrought  
The world is daily saved—ay, ever saved shall be.  
Not by some magic alchemy  
By bended sages through the centuries sought;  
Not by some cloistered mystery of life;  
But by the sheer necessity of strife,  
The long, unsacred treadmill of routine.  
Oh, more puissant than the authentic mien  
Of sceptred king or queen,  
The virtues of the humble, ages-old,  
That, like the Milky Way, forever hold  
Their darkest night within a net of gold:  
A natural faith the bookman cannot daunt,  
Work, patience, discipline, the comradeship of  
want,  
And simple love assuaging sorrow gaunt.  
Great is Invention! Do its annals mark

A single virtue newer than the Ark?  
 Praise, then, the staunch, the overpitied poor,  
 Who from their riches yet may save the rich,  
 And something dearer than the Koh-i-noor  
 Find for them in the mine or in the ditch.  
 Happy the hands that have but clinging soil  
 Of honest earth, unstained by blood or wrong,  
 That make a knighthood of their iron toil,  
 And even from a pittance save a song.  
 No overseer of Egyptian brood,  
 But comrade of their swarthy day, wert thou.  
 Of all that digged or hewed  
 None feared thy frown or for thy favor sued,  
 For lambent justice dwelt beneath thy brow.  
 Thy gentle strength, thy kindly calm,  
 Were for their bruises satisfying balm.  
 For this, to them and thee, the palm!

VIII

SERVANT of Man, well done!  
 Thy war of Peace is won.  
 The dream of continents five and centuries four  
 Is dream no more.

Now to new visions, than the old  
 More wonderful and bold.  
 Let sage and seer  
 Into the dark more confidently peer,  
 To find the boon in every shape of fear,



The cure that Nature holds for every hurt.  
Now let some stripling, venturous and alert,  
Trailing a wilder thought  
Than Science yet has sought,  
Startle shy Knowledge from her inner lair.  
Our best, that first was but a castle in the air,  
Let it be strong as fair.  
Come true all happy tales to children told,  
And cloth-of-frieze be turned to cloth-of-gold.  
Let the imprisoned mind  
But beat upon its bars, 't will find  
The painted barriers made to break, not bind.  
Man is Imagination's only heir:  
His messengers of Dream and Dare  
He launches from the teeming port of Night  
To overtake the flight  
Of fleet-winged Progress, laden with new might,  
Which to the foremost she lets fall,  
The prize of one, the wealth of all.

Who can foretell what blessing may not hap  
From this one hair-breadth line upon the map?  
What treasure have we was not first a dream?  
Seeing the Future but in flash and gleam,  
Doubt we To-morrow? On the once-veiled track  
Of opulent Yesterday, look back!  
The arsenal of our courage is the Past—  
The unforgotten great that did not yield,  
The unremembered many left upon the field,  
Each loyal to his vision to the last.

## IX

THEN come with pomp and joy of color-streaming  
ships,  
With shouts of their unshot iron lips,  
With choral song and no un noble speech,  
The good of all eclipsing good of each,  
And, while like incense is the smoke upcurled,  
Let this our child be sponsored by the world.

Then dedicate to dreams this dream fulfilled :  
To Hope, the dream on which all dreams we build,  
To Honor, what in honor was conceived,  
To Brotherhood, whereby it was achieved,  
To Peace, that there no hostile gun may sound  
And all the Earth at last be holy ground ;  
Ay, to that dream of dreams, most strangely  
wrought,—  
To Man, the Almighty's most amazing thought.

O Soldier of the blameless sword !  
Who serves mankind is servant of the Lord.  
Servant of God, well done !

1914-15.

## THE CORRIDORS OF CONGRESS

(REVISITED IN VACATION)

TREAD soft, intruding step, this empty haunt  
Of swirling crowds has sanctity of grief ;  
Precincts of sadness are these gilded halls—  
The silent crypts of far and turbulent years.  
These stairways have been treadmills of despair,  
Runways of greed these narrow passages—  
The skirmish-lines of battles fought within,  
Where many a hope, sore-wounded, struggled on  
To perish in the din of others' joy.

Let Fancy listen at these listening walls  
And give us back the record that they bear,—  
These phonographs of sorrow, where are writ,  
In Time's attenuated echoes, sounds  
Not louder than the falling of a tear  
Or sigh of lovers hiding from pursuit.  
Fancy, our finer ear, may here disclose  
Whispers of corner-born conspiracies ;  
The embrasured window's furtive interview ;  
The guarded plot ; the treacherous promise given ;  
The tragedy that here was masked as hope.  
Here the dark powers conspired, using as bribes  
Our dearest virtues—goodness, friendship, love.  
Here many who came with dawn upon the brow,  
A voice of confidence, a knightly port,  
Noble expectancy in every step,  
Their own ambition with their country's, one,  
Forgot their holy dreams beneath the stars,

Sunk in a noonday stupor of prudent air,  
Or, caught by tyrannous currents of routine,  
Swept, first resisting, then resisting not,  
Into that pleasant land of Compromise  
That neighbors Hell.

Here is the dryasdust  
Who thinks in dollars, scorning sentiment ;  
The township patriot, letting terrors rage  
If only he be safe ; the timid good  
For whose slow suffrage all the bold contend ;  
The velvet orator whose magniloquence,  
Prick it with wit, runs streams of Privilege ;  
The soft-shod schemer, voice behind his hand,  
And flattering arm about his victim's neck ;  
The vulgar blusterer, to whom we trust  
The jewel of the nation's dignity,  
Who cannot guard his own ; and, faithful clog  
About the feet of Progress, he who spurns  
All as exotic not in his dooryard found,  
Holding the riches of the world as toys :  
Books as expedients to divert the mind  
From the dull scenery 'twixt town and town ;  
Art as an adult's picture-book, and Verse  
But as a quarry for a funeral speech.

But one may read a cheerier record here :  
The statesman rare, compact of bold and wise,  
Loving his country like an ancient Greek,  
Physician to the body politic,  
And with physician-chivalry so imbued  
The honest crave his voice, and every rogue  
Reckons him enemy ; the sturdy drudge

Who knows the elusive fact cannot be caught  
In nets of intuition,—sentinel  
Upon the nation's treasure-castle walls,  
Alert to stealthy peril in the night  
From Waste the Traitor as from Greed the Foe;  
The civic soldier, fighting for his land  
As truly as the veteran who defied  
Ambush of fen or forest, standing firm  
To conscience' needle, though from every point  
The shifting winds be clamoring for the wrong.  
Oh, there 's a bravery greater than the assault  
On ramparts flaming death when but the touch  
Of comrade's shoulder gives the heart support,  
When every leaping impulse to go on  
Is multiplied to madness by the crowd,  
And Life is but an alms by Duty flung.  
Peace needs the stouter heart, the cooler mind;  
The truceless warfare on the soul's frontiers  
Calls for a lonelier fortitude; and oft  
The man that will not yield an inch to blows  
Can keep no barrier to tears. He that, alone,  
Would feed his body to the hungry fire,  
Let but a loved one plead, his will is wax.  
Oh, in the unimpassioned scales of Time  
More than the courage of momentum weighs  
The courage of resistance, when to yield  
Is easy as to breathe, and angels urge  
"Only do naught and let the devil pass."

What Iliads of siege these walls could tell!  
What shattered lines a hundred times retrieved  
From lingering defeat—now by the swords,

Now by the shields, of some sworn group of knights—  
To sweep at last to wreathed victory!  
What single combats while the hosts looked on!  
What hopes forlorn that failed so gloriously  
That History dropped her stylus to admire!

Of all the hands that held our fasces up,  
I mind me of one servant of the State  
Who walked these halls erect in body and mind.  
Not to corroding ease he gave his days  
But paid his country, coin for coin, in toil.  
Her cut-purse enemies within her gates,  
Her gentlemanly murderers of men's souls,—  
Who with foul gold would poison every fount  
Of Hope and Justice we have built for all,—  
And their accomplices who smilingly  
Betray a nation to oblige a friend,  
Him came not nigh with their accursed arts,  
To tempt, to beg, to threaten, to cajole.  
Though richly gifted, he disprized his gifts—  
Far vision, loyal reasoning, kindling speech,  
And true intent that pilots in the dark.  
Not faultless, he could frankly own his fault,  
And salve with candor the impetuous wound.  
While he was speaking nothing seemed of worth  
But the high path he trod—not happiness,  
Nor peace, nor love, nor leisured luxury,  
Nor that acclaim of many called success,  
But to be leader in the march of Man.  
With more ambition, he had been of those  
Who from its trance of comfort wake the world,  
And leave a name to stir the pulse of youth.

Thoughtless of fame,—without the artist-sense  
Of the deed's value miscalled vanity—  
He left to chance the record of those days.  
His tribute is the passionate regret  
Of comrades fighting still, the respect of foes,  
Who miss his swift sword and his dented shield.  
Remembering how at one great breach he stood  
Pleading for honor when men sued for gain,  
I hear not only echoes of his voice  
But strains of patriot music from the Past:  
The harp of David, laureate of the Lord,  
Sounding the spirit's summons to his race;  
The lyre of Sophocles, half looking back  
To cheer his followers, now as brave as he;  
The horn of Roland, clear from brim to brim  
Of Pyrenèan valleys, with its call,  
“Come up and find your courage on the heights.”

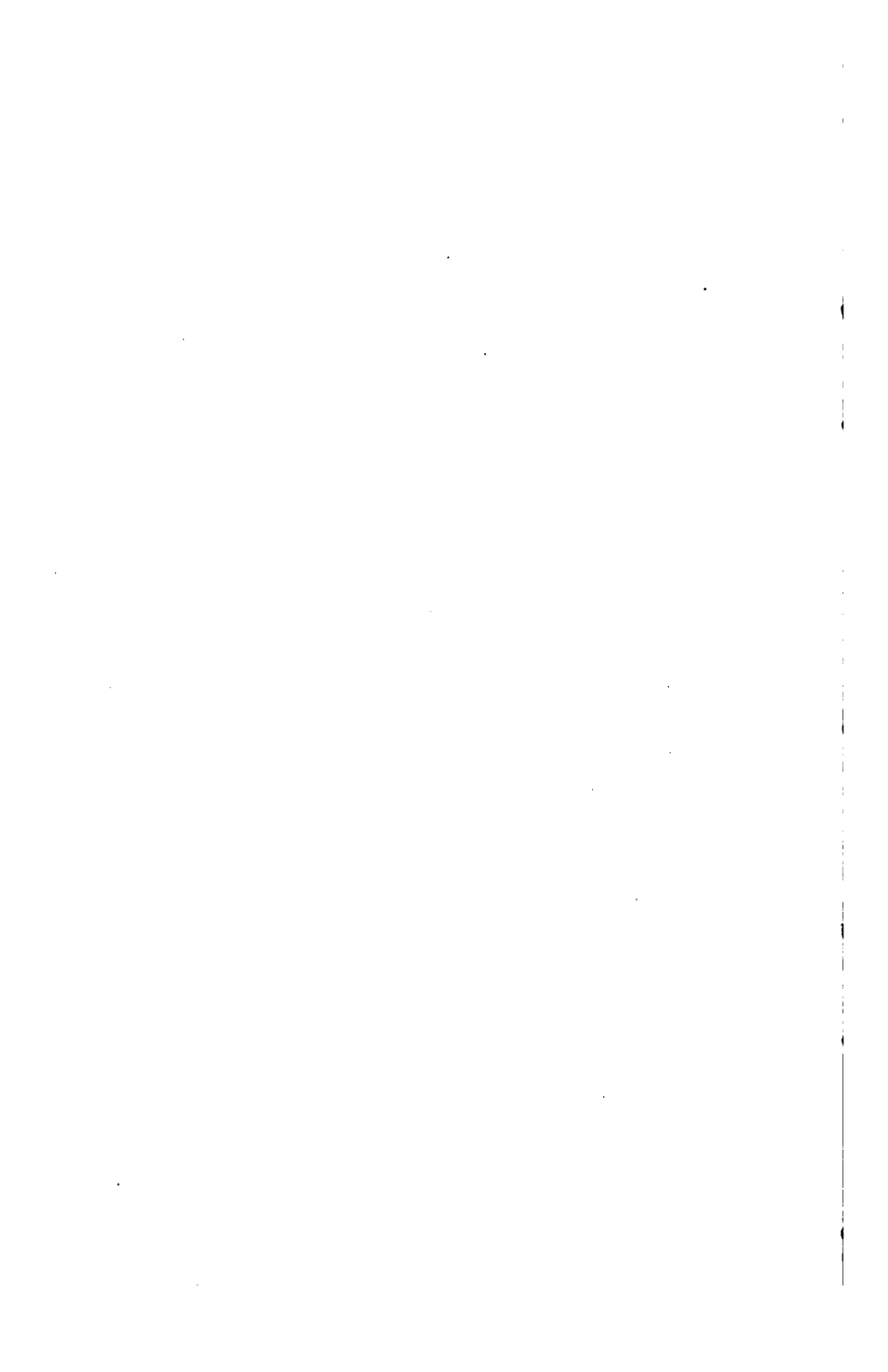
## ENVOI

Not only with a brother's pride and love  
Weave I for him this coronal of verse—  
Affection's salvage from the wreck of Time—  
But with the hope that for some wavering soul,  
Tempted to point of tension, it may turn  
A cup of trembling to a cup of strength,  
And make us prouder of the brave who guard  
The walls that guard the freedom of the land.

1914.

## POEMS OF THE GREAT WAR





## THE COST

Or late we heard dark oracles proclaim  
    In History's alluring name,  
    And with no flush of shame,  
The cure for all our civic ills is War!  
And while they flaunt their flippant lore,  
With hideous irony the hope-barred door  
To Mars' red altar gapes, and forth there fare  
With torch and sword the Furies, driven by one  
Hailed as the god's bronze image come to life,  
But, nearer seen, a pietistic Hun!  
    With wild, fanatic air,  
In Death's-head helmet and greaves worn with prayer,  
He sets the unwilling world in myriad strife  
To orphan Europe, plowing hill and mead  
For Famine's harvest of the iron seed;  
From that blue sea that knows no shore  
On fair, defenseless towns lets slip  
    The havoc of his pirate ship;  
And, drowning conscience with the cannon's roar,  
    Holds his frank perfidy  
    As part of a divine decree,  
    While with a holy rage  
    He wars upon his Age,  
Till the pure Alps ensanguine every sea;  
Now, with a rusted key unlocks  
    The evils of Pandora's box;

Stills the world's music, stays its daily joys;  
    Makes murderers of boys  
Who yesterday made mimic murder at their toys;  
    Turns brotherhood to hate,  
And floors the heavens with carnage that would sate  
All devils but a devil incarnate!

Greater than Bonaparte?—Yes, by a century's cost  
Of lives devoured, of fireside loving lost.

. . . . .

    O country mine!  
Who shall seduce thee to such mad design?  
A nobler vision, happier fate be thine!

August 25, 1914.

TO THE PEACE PALACE AT THE HAGUE

BUILD<sup>E</sup>D of Love and Joy and Faith and Hope,  
Thou standest firm beyond the tides of war  
That dash in gloom and fear and tempest-roar,  
Beacon of Europe!—though wise pilots grope  
Where trusted lights are lost ; though the dread scope  
Of storm is wider, deadlier than before ;  
Ay, though the very floods that strew the shore  
Seem to obey some power turned misanthrope.

For thou art witness to a world's desire,  
And when—oh, happiest of days!—shall cease  
The throes by which our Age doth bring to birth  
The fairest of her daughters, heavenly Peace,  
When Man's red folly has been purged in fire,  
Thou shalt be Capitol of all the Earth.

September 19, 1914.

## RHEIMS

## I

O FORTRESS of the Spirit, and thyself  
But yesterday a soul! What art thou now  
But walls and memory? Thou art than Man  
Not more immortal, though from dawn to dawn  
Of seven centuries thou heardst the tread  
Of swarming generations plodding by.  
Precinct of Peace,—now torn by wanton War;  
Altar where Morning might her matins say  
Or Evening chant her vespers,—now o'erthrown;  
Refuge for ages to the unconsolated  
By all but God forsaken: who hath dared  
Thy sanctuary now to violate?  
Thou that wert pride and cynosure of Art,  
Trumpet of History, a nation's shrine,  
Christener of Kings, a yearning world's delight,—  
Thy mellow voice from out the faded Past  
Is silent as thy belfry's sunken choir.

For this it is, although we nightly bear  
The daily burden of mankind's distress  
Till the vast anguish numbs the wearied sense,  
Still heavier are our heavy hearts to-day.

## II

How, with cold stone and scant and loveless toil,  
Shall be rebuilt the spirit of this fane?  
Who shall recloud its aisles with mystery,  
Till the beholder views himself with awe?  
How shall spilled wine, treasure of time and sun,  
Be from the ground regathered? Who shall invent  
The arts here lost, the accent of their speech?  
Who shall replant the race, and then await  
Its centuried ripening? Mourn, oh, mourn, mourn,  
mourn

The brave that fall beneath this harvest moon  
When Death's swift sickle flies—each in his calm  
A ruined temple of the Living God!  
They, too, are gone, but not as thou art gone,  
For, though Love doubt, still clings our faith to this:  
'T is but their bodies have been slain; but here,  
Here, where the mortal craves celestial life,  
Man has been able to destroy a soul!

## III

Of what avail to find the vandal hands,  
The few barbarians, by whose feeblest touch  
This deed was wrought from far? They witness well  
The paradox of life that frights our peace:  
*The weak is stronger than the strong!* For who  
To-day so built in greatness as to be

Armored against a whim? A paltry match  
By malice struck, or mischief, and the town  
Rushes to sky and earth in ruin!

Yet—

Shall we absolve the nameless for the known,  
Who, choosing war, chose aught that war might bring  
And murdered all this hoarded beauty? No,  
Though they should vaunt a thousand victories  
This is their dire defeat. Here have they reached  
All that ambition coveted, reversed.  
Thinking on Rheims hereafter, and on them,  
The world's heart shall grow leaden with dismay,  
And age to age the shame reverberate  
So loud, so far, that legions yet unborn,  
Learning their loss, shall execrate the crime  
And, grieving, mingle pity with their blame.

September 28, 1914.

## TO THE SPIRIT OF BYRON

"The Niobe of nations."

CHILDE HAROLD.

## I

THOU more than poet, Freedom's laureate,  
Byron! Although some tyrant hand should blot  
All pages that to her are consecrate  
By loyal bards—thus doomed to be forgot—  
Who should despair if thine were quenched not?  
Oh, for thy voice when the world's heart is wrung  
At Honor made a barrack-jest and plot!  
To what invective hadst thou given tongue!  
Mourner of Rome, what dirge for Belgium hadst thou  
sung!

## II

What of *her* children ravaged from her heart—  
Those cities proud of lore and fair of mien:  
Liège, that cradled Charlemagne; that mart  
Of many seas, rich Antwerp; old Malines;  
And royal Brussels seated like a queen;  
Bruges the melodious, and flowery Ghent,  
And wise Louvain? . . . Oh, Byron, hadst thou  
seen  
The tears and terror, who could be content  
By lesser song than thine that grief and blame be blent?



## III

Revered is Valor—ay, but Honor more.

A score of centuries doth History save  
Cæsar's "brave Belgians": for how many a score  
Shall live the word these to the Teuton gave  
When they must choose dishonor or the grave!  
They knew before they took Despair to wife,  
Man's mind and not his master makes him slave.  
What theme for thee, ere, Singer of Great Strife,  
To Belgium thou hadst poured libation of thy life!

November 3, 1914.

THE NEW WORLD

"COME, let us make a new world," said the proud,—

"The iron image of our perfect plan.

Let those who cannot yield to those who can.

No place for tears, or pity, or the crowd  
Of weaklings. Let no patriot's head be bowed

With his sire's shame: call no one courtesan

If she be breeder of the Mightier Man

Whose valor vaunts our glory far and loud."

Mad pupils of a mad philosopher,

Think ye you have but armies to subdue?

Your foe is Woman! Hear the march of her

Through centuries, from the caverns to the blue  
Of visioned peaks. Wrong ruled the years that were,

But Justice, queened by Pity, rules the new.

April, 1915.

# THE HAUNTING FACE

(ON THE PORTRAIT OF A CHILD LOST  
IN THE "LUSITANIA")

DEAR boy of the seraphic face,  
With brow of power and mouth of grace,  
And deep, round eyes, set far apart,  
So that the mind should match the heart!

Not Raphael's leaning cherub had  
More beauty than this winsome lad,  
Nor Andrea's little John more joy  
Than dimpled in this darling boy.

What mother could so happy be  
As not to covet such as he?  
What childless passer could forego  
The smiling of that Cupid's-bow?

Here promise spoke in every curve:  
The wit to see, the heart to serve;  
In fine proportions here did reign  
An open nature, sweet and sane.

What wonder fancy vied with hope,  
To read his radiant horoscope,  
And find within his future deed  
The rescue of some mighty need:—

A patriot, to save the State;  
A bard, to take the sting from Fate;  
A prophet, men should know not of,  
To lift the fainting world by love!

Mourn those—and mourn not with despair—  
Who find life's last adventure fair,  
But let your treasured tears be spilled  
For noble presage unfulfilled.

Mine fall unbidden as I look,  
Here, upon youth's unfinished book,  
And with the loss my heart is torn  
As Heaven had withdrawn the morn.

Ah, could I know why over me  
His spirit has such potency,  
Then might I know how love began  
And stays, the mystery of Man.

Child of the future! Beauty's flower!  
His gentle image should have power  
The conscience of a realm to wring  
And haunt the pillow of a king.

June 26, 1915.

## EDITH CAVELL

Room 'mid the martyrs for a deathless name!  
Till yesterday, in her how few could know  
Black War's white angel, succoring friend and foe—  
Whose pure heart harbored neither hate nor blame  
When Need or Pity made its sovereign claim.  
To-day she is the world's! Its poignant woe,  
We thought had been outwept, again doth flow  
In tenderest tears that multiply her fame.

Oh, something there is in us yet, more bright  
Than Rouen's hungry flames—that could consume  
Jeanne's slender limbs but not her spirit's might.  
Fate still has noble colors in her loom.  
One lonely woman's courage in the night  
Has sealed the savage Hohenzollerns' doom!

October 22, 1915.

## SHAKESPEARE \*

ENGLAND, that gavest to the world so much—  
Full-breathing Freedom, Law's security,  
The sense of Justice (though we be not just) —  
What gift of thine is fellow unto this  
Imperishable treasure of the mind,—  
Enrichment of dim ages yet to be!  
Gone is the pomp of kings save in his page,  
Where by imagination's accolade  
He sets the peasant in the royal rank.  
Love, like a lavish fountain, here o'erflows  
In the full speech of tender rhapsody.  
He dreamed our dreams for us. His the one voice  
Of all humanity. Or knave or saint,  
He shows us kindred. Partisan of none,  
Before the world's censorious judgment-seat  
We find him still the advocate of each,  
Portraying motive as our best defense.  
Historian of the Soul in this strange star  
Where Vice and Virtue interchange their masks;  
Diviner of Life's inner mysteries,  
He yet bereaves it not of mystery's charm,  
And makes us all the wounds of Life endure  
For all the balm of Beauty.

England, now,  
When so much gentle has been turned to mad,

\* Written by invitation of the British Committee of the  
Shakespeare Tercentenary Celebration.

When peril threatens all we thought most safe,  
When Honor crumbles, and on Reason's throne  
Black Hate usurps the ermine, oh, do thou  
Remember Force is still the Caliban  
And Mind the Prospero. Keep the faith he taught,  
Speak with his voice for Freedom, Justice, Law,—  
Ay, and for Pity, lest we sink to brutes.  
Shame the fierce foe with Shakespeare's noble word.  
Say, England was not born to feed the maw  
Of starved Oblivion. Let thine ardent youth  
Kindle to flame at royal Hal's behest  
And thy wise elders glow with Gaunt's farewell.  
His pages are the charter of our race.  
Let him but lead thy leaders, thou shalt stand  
Thy Poet's England, true and free and strong:  
By his ideals shalt thou conqueror be,  
For God hath made of him an element,  
Nearest Himself in universal power.

February 12, 1916.

**EMBATTLED FRANCE**

ACROSS the sea that once was free now let the message  
    leap  
That France has won our Western hearts, and waked  
    our souls from sleep!  
Proud land! No more shall we mistake the shallows  
    for the deep.

They knew her not who lightly thought her frivolously  
    gay—  
She who first taught our grimmer world the sanity of  
    play;  
They saw the birds that fly the nest but not the brood  
    that stay.

And we who knew and loved her true and shared her  
    welcome kind—  
The welcome of her heart, and more, the welcome of  
    her mind—  
How could we know these newer bonds that evermore  
    shall bind!—

That she, the Queen of Peace serene, who sought the  
    sword no more,—  
That she, the Queen of Art, who keeps the key of  
    Beauty's door,  
More royal than her royal lines, should be the Queen  
    of War!—



For, though the years have drowned in tears her  
thrones and quarterings,  
She, kingless, has not lost the proud residuum of  
kings:  
*Noblesse oblige* is written fair on every flag she flings.

Let others plead a brutal need and compromise with  
faith,  
And soil the robe of honor, and make of joy a wraith,  
No taint of lie shall linger in any word she saith.

They reckoned ill who thought her will was sunk in  
sloth or pride,  
Who held as weak her patience and on her feuds relied.  
No power can lock the scabbards where thinking  
swords abide.

Oh, there is calm of Sabbath psalm and there is calm  
of woe,  
And calm of slaves who never the calm of freemen  
know,  
When, though the storm may tear the wave, the sea is  
calm below.

Upon the air no martial blare proclaimed the fateful  
call;  
No drum need make the summons the spirit makes to  
all;  
Not softer to the solemn earth the autumn leaflets  
fall.

With gaze that saw far things of awe she stood as in a  
trance,  
But faltered not before the shock of War's long-  
dreaded chance,  
And every soul was born again—an effigy of France!

Oh, eyes that weep in lonely sleep but show no  
waking tear,  
Oh, lips with their brave silences and lingering words  
of cheer:  
What memories of parting have made the dangers  
dear!

And when the breath of icy Death sweeps like a winter  
rain,  
And like a scythe the iron hail cuts down the human  
grain,  
How bleed we with her wounded and sorrow for her  
slain!

And when beside the Marne's red tide—a lioness at  
bay—  
She gave September unto Mars to make him holiday,  
She saved with hers our kindred soil three thousand  
miles away.

How we acclaim Man's sacred name, as second unto  
God,  
And deem our bond a brotherhood divine of cloud and  
clod!  
Where are men fellows but in France, save underneath  
the sod?

Her heart a cup of joy filled up to greet the dancing  
day,  
How willingly she spilled the wine and threw the cup  
away  
That deserts yet unpeopled may live in peace for aye!

The triple watchword of her faith shall spread to  
every land,  
Till free and equal comrades th' ennobled nations  
stand,  
And all shall take the sacrament from her devoted  
hand.

And when Hate's last far crop is past, sown broadcast  
by the blind,  
The memory of her chivalry shall stir in humankind  
A love akin to bridal love,—the passion of the mind.

#### ENVOI, TO THE REPUBLIC

When Peace and Toil shall guard thy soil in all its  
ancient girth,  
And Freedom, by thy fortitude, has found a newer  
birth,  
We still shall cry, "My France, Our France, the  
France of all the Earth!"

March, 1916.

POEMS CHIEFLY OF FRIENDSHIP  
OR ADMIRATION

\* \*



## QUID PRO QUO

WHAT will you give for Friendship? View it near:  
The warp so firm, the woof so beautiful—  
The very stuff of life! 'T will keep you warm  
When silken Love, that takes the vagrant eye  
With its smooth touch and tints of changing light,  
Wears thin against the freezing winds of fate.  
See, this is not of cold, mechanic weave  
With showy dyes of aniline device,  
But like an ancient, human tapestry,  
The concord of robust and gentle tones,  
Where threads of Joy are softened to content,  
And even Sorrow's add a note of peace.

What will you give for Friendship? Yes, 'tis dear,  
But how well worth the cost! Bid high, pay gladly.  
Sure of its value, sure of your own need,  
Take every risk. Three comradeships there are:  
One that makes man more brother than his twin,  
One that can sister woman in distress,  
And one that both may share, the costliest  
Because the rarest. This how few may know—  
Its warmth, its beauty, its supernal charm!  
To find it needs such instinct, such high thought,  
Deep sacrifice, sweet ardor, holy faith.  
And, then, the price!—dear treasures of the soul;  
Pearls of hid tears; and jeweled hours lost  
To absence and forever unretrieved;

And, too, perchance, as penalty for joy,  
Suspicion, the chief food of idle minds,  
Invoking censure, by a cruel code  
As old as envy, upon fancied faults,—  
The vulgar making statutes for the pure,  
As though the crow could teach the lark to sing!

What will you give for Friendship ere it pass?  
If you have timid blood, plod on through life  
Content with little, colder than your grave.  
If you be brave and loyal, here 's my grasp,  
And we 'll find heaven 'spite of foe and friend.

A SONG OF PARTING

Go not so soon, dear days  
Of sunlight and of haze,  
When o'er the spirit flows  
The soft gray sea's repose,  
And memories of distress  
Yield to the air's caress.  
Nights of the waning moon,  
Go not so soon!

Go not so swift, fair time  
Of friendship, like a rhyme  
That holds in harmony  
What was and what shall be.  
Thou that hast brought the zest  
Of animated rest,  
Prolong thy perfect gift,  
Go not so swift!

Go not so fast, sweet hour  
Of farewell to the flower.  
The mystery of eve  
Within our reverie weave.  
Whisper that all we see  
Is naught to what shall be,  
That Life, that Love shall last!  
Go not so fast!

HORSEHEAD HOUSE, July, 1915.



## READING HORACE

OH, were we good when we are wise!—  
Or haply, wise when we are good!  
But, fool or sage, some comfort lies  
In knowing Horace understood  
Our follies in their olden guise!

Of all the full Augustan choir  
Our one contemporary bard,  
Who strikes upon a silver lyre,  
Where not a note is harsh or hard,  
The human chords that never tire.

Live how he may, whene'er he sings  
A poet is a democrat;  
Down two millenniums there rings  
The song of Leisure's Laureat  
In praise of all the simple things.

What deep contentment broods above  
That refuge in the Sabine Hills  
From all that Rome was fashioned of—  
Strife, envy, the luxurious ills  
Men, town-imprisoned, learn to love!

Though oft he dwells on death, 't is e'er  
With swift recoil to life. Joy, joy

Is all his goal! Though reefed sails dare  
The dreaded seas to Tyre or Troy,  
His placid song is foe to care.

Poor hater was he, save of greed  
And gluttons and the vulgar mind—  
(Thou votary of thy surer creed,  
Ask heaven if thou be more kind  
Than was that heart of pagan breed!)

Vowed to the laurel from the day  
The doves descried his lids supine  
And hid his limbs in leafy play;  
A nursling of the dancing vine,  
His vèrse was vintage gold and gay.

Give me the glowing heart, or none—  
Not friendship's altar but its fire.  
In his red veins how life did run!  
Had ever poet wiser sire?  
Had ever sire tenderer son?—

He, humble, candid, sane and free,  
Whom e'en Mæcenas could not spoil;  
Who wooed his fields with minstrelsy  
As rich as wine, as smooth as oil,  
And kept a kiss for Lalagé.

\* \*

Ah, dear to me one night supreme—  
A voice he would have joyed to hear,

Its music married to his theme—  
When two new-mated minds drew near  
And mingled in his lilting stream.

Oh, lover of sweet-sounding words,  
That in thy tones but glow and soar,  
Come! \* \* Horace with his flocks and herds  
Waits thy revealing voice. Once more  
Bring back to me the brooks and birds!

## GIFTS

WHEN color, fragrance, form  
On the steeped sense the rose  
With lavish boon bestows,  
What is there left to give?

When after leaden storm  
The thrush outpours the rain  
Of happy song again,  
What is there left to give?

When one star, brave and warm,  
The sentinel of Night,  
Yields to the surging light,  
What is there left to give?

My rose, my thrush, my star that goes before,  
What canst thou give but *more?*  
Oh, live, live, live!

## ORIOLE AND POET

LITTLE bird of the bruised wing,  
Swept to the shelter of my door,  
Torn is thy nest in the willow swing.  
Hast thou forgotten how to sing?  
Shall thy flash be seen in the green no more?

Come, let me bind up the bruised wing.  
At my open cage-door linger long.  
And if for a while near the willow swing  
There be one bird less, there 'll be no less song:  
Thy sorrow shall teach me how to sing.

THE SONG OF ANY LOVER

Is she fair? You ask me—me her lover!  
Who can measure beauty that beguiles?  
Who will stop to count his one star over?  
If you would yourself the truth discover,  
All you need is patience, till she smiles.

Is she true? But how could you believe me—  
You who call me bondman to her wiles—  
You, who taunt that Time will undeceive me?  
Keep your sordid doubts, my friend, but leave me  
Bondman unto Duty when she smiles.

Is she young? Who reckons age by birthdays?—  
Counts his happy voyages by miles?  
Better one of heaven than twenty earth-days.  
She who adds new merriment to mirth-days—  
She is Youth Eternal when she smiles.

**A PRAYER IN THE DARK**

**MAKER** of love and longing!  
Thou fountain of our tears!  
**When** in one night come thronging  
The memories of years,  
**God** of the fallen sparrow!  
God of the mateless dove!  
**Give** to her lonely sorrow  
The solace of Thy love.

KARL BITTER

O MULTITUDE of the untimely dead,  
 Who somewhere find and seal the endless thread  
     That ever to *our* eyes must broken be—  
 Ye who now labor with no Death to dread :

Take to your happy ranks this new access  
 Of flaming spirit, this pure guilelessness.  
     This noble fancy, this brave loyalty  
 That cherished Beauty more, not Honor less :—

Him whose divining skill had power to save  
 Too few alas ! of all our wise and brave  
     In bronze so true that what to-day he took  
 From Life, to-morrow he to History gave :—

Him in the warmth of whose inspiring word  
 Youth was to memorable ardor stirred,  
     And found so clear a path that, though the guide  
 No more was seen, the pilgrim never erred ;—

In whom such frank simplicity did dwell  
 To know him little was to know him well,  
     Till even the passer-by shall long recall  
 The cheerful music of a silent bell.

Masters of Art and servitors of Song,  
 Who somewhere your recessional prolong,



Forgive us if too much we mourn the man  
So welcome now in your beloved throng.

As ye are happy at his coming, we  
May not dissolve in grief his memory,  
But keep his faith in Beauty as our own,  
With grateful joy that such a soul should be.

THE PRESIDENT

(THE PANAMA TOLLS)

He plead for honor and the country's good,  
And craved "ungrudging measure" of support.  
The Sages gave approval as they could,  
But left to History the ungrudging sort.

## CONSTANCE

FIRST time we met I saw her not : 't was night ;  
But fancy read her lovely spirit right :  
Soft as the dark her voice  
That made my lonely heart rejoice.

When next we met, or ere I heard her speak  
My fancy fared afar her like to seek :  
Where had I seen that face—  
In Reynolds' or in Romney's grace?

'And when she spoke—most like a morning child  
Waking to wonder—how her spirit smiled !  
Then voice and face were one :  
Music and Art in unison.

LOVE-LETTERS AT AUCTION

OF old, or knight or king,  
Each feared that Time would bring  
Unto the block his head.  
Rest peacefully, ye dead :  
Yours was a gentle crime.  
Now to the block by Time  
(Praise the collector's art !)  
Is brought one's heart.

## THE LAGGARD POET

(TO WILLIAM WATSON)

'T is said of thee—as 't were a virtue rare!—  
That thou, first seeing, like fair rose on vine,  
Her than the bluebell and the rose more fair,  
But half a moon let pass ere she was thine.

Thou caitiff knight! What one of Arthur's clan  
E'er had his love at such amazing cost?  
Call thyself laggard, but no longer man—  
Thou spendthrift of a priceless fortnight lost!

UNIV. OF  
CALIFORNIA  
TO PADEREWSKI, PATRIOT 57

TO PADEREWSKI, PATRIOT

SON of a martyred race, that long  
Has poured its sorrow into song,  
And taught the world that grief is less  
When voiced by Music's loveliness:  
How shall its newer anguish be  
Interpreted, if not by thee?

In whose heart dearer doth abide  
Thy land's lost century of pride  
Since triple tyrants tore in three  
That nation of antiquity—  
But could not lock with prison keys  
The freeman's sacred memories?

1  
Now, when thy soil lies wrecked and rent,  
By cruel waves of warfare spent,  
Till Famine counts so many slain  
It looks on Slaughter with disdain,  
However others grieve, thou show'st  
The noble spirit suffers most.

Master, with whom the world doth sway  
Like meadow with the wind at play,  
May Heaven send thee, at this hour,  
Such access of supernal power  
That every note beneath thy hand  
Shall plead for thy distracted land.

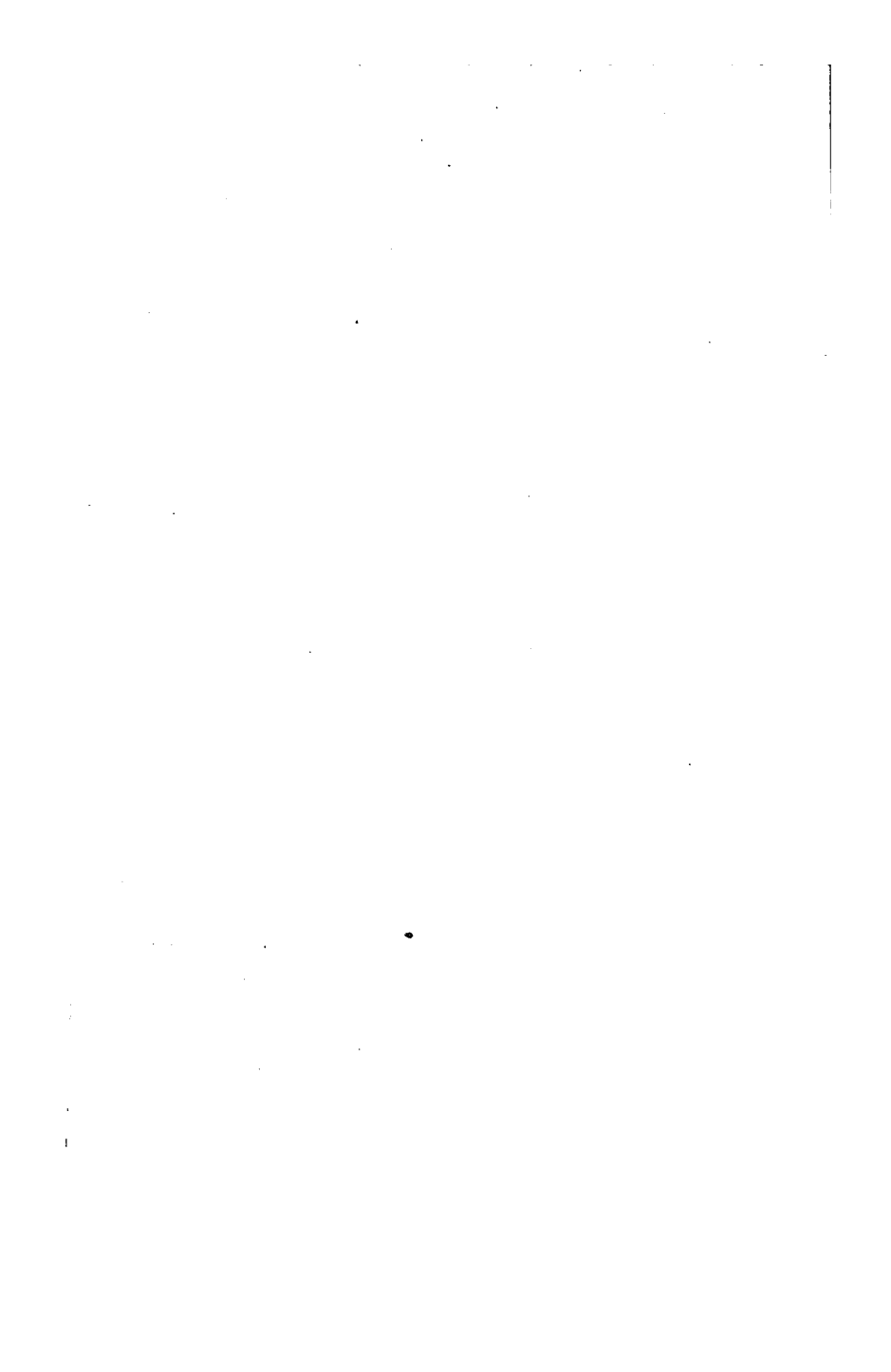
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